

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXIV.]

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[Price 2d.]

Brandenburgh House.



This house, which even in its ruinous state, was for some time the residence of a British Queen, who breathed her last within its walls, was erected on the banks of the Thames, near Hammersmith, in the reign of Charles I. by Sir Nicholas Crispe, Bart. one of the firmers of the king's customs, who, during the calamitous war between Charles and his Parliament, was employed in various transactions requiring peculiar skill and deep secrecy. In such cases he seldom trusted to any hands but his own. It is related of him that when he wanted intelligence he would be at the water side in the garb of a fisherman; and that he often passed between London and Oxford disguised as a butter-woman on horseback, between a pair of panniers.

In the course of the civil war Brandenburgh House was plundered by the Parliamentarians, and when their army was stationed at Hammersmith and the adjoining villages, in 1647, Fairfax

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made the mansion his head-quarters. The nephew of Sir Nicholas Crisp sold the estate in 1683 to Prince Rupert, who gave it to his mistress, Margaret Hughs, the actress. In the year 1740 the house was purchased by the celebrated Bubb Dodlington* (afterwards Lord Melcombe), who made great alterations, and bestowed on the villa the inappropriate name of *La Trappe*.

In 1793 Brandenburgh House was purchased by the late Margrave of Anspach and Bayreuth, who had married the erratic and accomplished Lady Craven. The exterior of Brandenburgh House was never remarkable for architectural beauty either when first erected or after it had undergone great altera-

* Before Bubb Dodlington was made a peer he consulted the witty Earl of Chesterfield as to the title he should assume, "Why that of Silly-Bub," said his Lordship.

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tions; but the interior compensated for these defects. The state apartments comprised five rooms exclusive of the gallery, which was 82 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 30 feet high. The other rooms of the mansion were numerous and well adapted to the liberal accommodation of a large and hospitable family. The grounds were not extensive, but commanded a fine view of the river and its fertile banks. When the Margravine of Anspach resided here she had a theatre erected on the margin of the river, where her Serene Highness occasionally gratified her friends by the united display of her talents as a writer and a performer.

In 1820 Brandenburg House became the residence of her late Majesty Queen Caroline, and where she died on the 7th of August, 1821. Her Majesty was daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, by Augusta, sister of his late Majesty, and was born on the 17th of May, 1766. Of the circumstances which caused a Queen of England to take up her residence at Brandenburg House when it was scarcely tenable, we shall not enter: they are too fresh and too deeply engraved in the recollection of the public to be effaced; but we cannot, as somewhat connected with the subject, here omit noticing Mr. Hayter's grand historical picture of an event, which did more to unsettle the public mind than any other circumstance—we mean the Queen's trial.

Mr. Hayter's picture is a complete representation of the House of Lords at the time of the remarkable event which it records. The whole body of the House is given, with the temporary galleries for Peers erected on that occasion, the Queen's seat, and the new arrangements below the bar; together with a complete series of portraiture, for which nearly two hundred Peers and other distinguished persons sat to the artist. The time chosen by the artist is the sixth day of the trial (the 23d of August, 1820), about mid-day, when Earl Grey was engaged in cross-examining the Italian witness Theodore Majocchi. The moment is favourable for the amplest effect, as the examination being then with the Peers, their persons are turned towards the witness, and consequently facing the spectator; and an opportunity is likewise afforded of introducing portraits of the eminent King's and Queen's Counsel below the bar, whose backs must have been turned at other intervals of the trial. Mr. Brougham appears turning to answer a

question from Mr. Denman, while Mr. Vizard, the solicitor, seems attentive to their conversation; Dr. Lushington is at the same time watching the course of Majocchi's examination, which the interpreter (the Marchese Spinetti) is delivering with that prolixity and rapidity which Earl Grey (the interrogator) is anxious to check. The junior Counsel for the Queen are differently engaged in a subordinate part of the group. Adjoining her Majesty's Counsel are the King's Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, with their assistant Counsel, Civilians, &c. The Attorney-General seems eagerly watching the interpreter's explanation of the evidence; the Solicitor-General is equally attentive from his stern and contemplative expression. The imposing attitude of Earl Grey is fine and appropriate; the members of the Royal Family present are well portrayed; the Ministers and principal personages are equally well designated; but the individual portraiture must be seen to be understood. The late Queen is seated within the bar, in the chair assigned for her use; she is finely painted, and surveys with a calm and steady glance, not unmixed with an air of dignity, the impending proceedings of the House.

The whole picture does great credit to the artist, and is entitled on its own merits to a considerable share of the patronage which the interest of the subject naturally excites.

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—The following letter is supposed to have fallen out of the pocket of a Physician, as it was found near the *Old College* in Warwick Lane; it appears to be from a young surgeon in the country, to his friend the physician. I hand it to you for insertion in your very amusing and widely-circulating work, as I think it will prove interesting to the public, by making known very bold and decisive methods of treating some species of complaints; and at the same time shew a *little* of the quackery now in practice. I regret that the address of the writer is torn off, also that the envelope is lost, otherwise many of the afflicted would no doubt apply to the author of the letter for his advice: should any of the profession feel hurt at this *expose*, by one who has evidently been *behind the curtain*, I shall say to them, *Ride si sapit*.

"My dear Sir,—Having as you know

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taken upon myself the 'office and work' of a surgeon, and having passed some few years in this part of the world, without any very decided advantage to myself in point of pecuniary matters; whether from want of due appreciation of my abilities by the country folks, or what other cause I cannot say, I made up my mind to remove to London. I troubled several of my relatives to look out for me some suitable situation, but being fearful that in the general line of practice I should find the vineyard overstocked with labourers, I have made, and caused many inquiries to be set on foot, as to peculiar departments of the healing art, in order to ascertain whether they were fully occupied or not; and I am now about to give you the result of the investigations, after reading which, I think you will agree with me, that it is more safe as regards my own interest, to adopt some peculiar pursuit in the professional world, than to become a general practitioner; though I understand there is a man near town who calls himself a doctor, and by the help of an Infirmary of his own, and other means, he finds full employment. He sees no gratuitous patients, but if persons go to him at a stated early hour in the morning, up to, I believe, ten o'clock, they pay THREE PENCE each for a ticket of admission, which entitles them to the Doctor's advice; at ten the gentleman of this Hippocrates appears, and with Stentorian voice tells the Doctor he 'must stay no longer with the three-penny patients for the half crown patients are coming up.' As he is rather garrulous, the first summons is not always attended to, probably he knowing well enough there are no half crown patients waiting. Mrs. Hippocrates again demands his presence in more impressive tones, and the ceremony with the poor closes for the day, who if not attended to that day, must come the next, as their ticket admits them. The half crown patients have their turn till about twelve—when the Lady again approaches, and acquaints the Doctor that the half guinea patients are waiting; they in like manner have his attention till three, and then comes the climax, the announcement of the guinea patients. Now this is all exquisite puffing; the poor three penny customer is displaced by the half crown, and although he is disappointed of the advice he sought, yet he relates to poor devils like himself the reason, and they all agree that the Doctor must be a wonderful man to have so much practice; and as one fool makes many, so the three-pences flow

the faster into the Doctor's treasury; the same holds good as to the half crown, and half guinea; and the guineas are brought by the recommendation of those in more humble life, who have heard of the fame of this surprising Doctor: you may form some idea of his abilities, when I assure you he prescribed to a poor tailor, who looked half starved, an ounce of Epsom salts every night going to bed, which he told him to persevere in taking for a considerable time;—to another of the same trade he gave similar directions, only he was to take them in the morning; I do not know whether the first man is alive, but the earth has some time ago concealed the Doctor's error as to the last. That nothing may be lost in this establishment, the patients who appear able to pay, make their exit through a chemist's shop, where each person is expected to leave his prescription, which is generally given with an eye to the capability as to the pocket of the party; and he there receives and PAYS for his medicines. My friend took considerable pains to trace out this plan, merely from curiosity; and absolutely sported at one time half a crown, and at another half a guinea upon what he called a frolic. He is of opinion there are no guinea patients, and but few half guinea ones: I do not agree with him, for the plan is well laid, and there are no doubt several confederates in the concern who sit in the waiting-room pretending to be patients, and expatiate largely on the Doctor's skill; there have been many such tricks played, and such is the folly of the Public, that, even contrary to common sense, they will run after any novelty in regard to medicine, let it be ever so ridiculous, if it is only well advertised, and if superstition, to which human nature is too prone, can only once be brought in array against their better judgment, they yield quietly to its dominion. As an example:—A man some time ago, who was well known in that part of the country where he resided, as an old drunken tailor, all at once pretended, that he had received the gift from above, of curing every disease by the touch: though every body knew his origin and former way of life, yet his confederates so spread abroad his fame, and brought forward such wonderful cases of cure by his touch, that numbers of respectable people flocked to him, some out of curiosity, and others from hope of relief. He took up his quarters at a public house, in front of which there was a mob nearly all day, and al-

though when persons were introduced to him he was in general stupidly drunk, it did not cure them of their folly, any more than his touch cured their disease; indeed, to such a height did the infatuation rise, that many respectable females who had affections of the knee joint, paid from one to five guineas to this *holy man's* secretary (for he took no money himself) for an introduction to him privately the back way, in consequence of the crowd at the front of the house, and were left alone with him in a stable. Under pretence that it was necessary to their cure, the old rogue proceeded to take the most gross and indecent liberties with them, and such was their *faith*, that inherent modesty slumbered in several instances almost too long on her post: this emboldened him so much, that he proceeded so far with one lady, that superstitious terrors took flight, and her screams brought her husband to her assistance, who chastised him for the attempt; and through his application to the chief magistrate of the city where it happened, the hoary villain was committed to prison; but that did not cure the folly of the public; he was visited and supported there, and when released began his trade again at an adjoining town: but a second committal as a *rogue* and *vagabond* dissipated all his *holiness*. The fellow had an infinite degree of humbug about him, for on a poor woman being introduced who had paid half a guinea for her admission, she found the tailor walking about the room, flourishing his stick, and to all appearance unconscious of her presence, till at last she placed herself in his way, and begged for God's sake that he would cure her poor husband, who lay dangerously ill about four miles off, adding, 'I know you can, Sir, if you will.' He still appeared to take no notice of her, when throwing herself on her knees before him, she caught the hem of his garment, and cried, 'Oh! save my husband.' He then, and only then, seemed to know she was in the room; and said, 'Get out of my way, woman, I'm busy curing a man in America now.' The poor dupe sat down, quietly waiting the completion of this *distant* job; and the tailor having touched her, and promised a cure, she went home perfectly satisfied that her husband would recover. It seems as if Prince Alexander of Hohenlobe has borrowed from this tailor; and it is much to be regretted that his Highness cannot be exercised in the Tread-mill as an impostor,

or placed in a mad-house as a lunatic; for I would ask even his dupes, whether he does not prove himself 'one or the other, by accepting a command, where, if he performs his duty, he must dye his hands in the blood of his fellow beings? Can any person except an ideot suppose such blood-stained hands will be acceptable when lifted in prayer to God? Or, what sort of being does the blasphemer, and his equally blasphemous adherents, or ideotic dupes suppose that God to be? *qui vult decipi decipiatur*.

I had one very worthy friend, who imagined that the establishment of a Medical Board would be a respectable concern, if I associated to myself some of my professional friends; I believe he was seduced into the opinion, by seeing the carriage and Arabian horses, belonging at that time to the proprietor of an establishment of the kind; which he really believed belonged to Sir Astley, then Mr. Cooper, who he thought was at the head of it, until I undeceived him, by the assurance that they were the property of another person, who very *ingeniously* obtained the honor of knighthood, but was saved the expense of the fees usually paid on those occasions, it being commanded that they should be refused by the officers at the Herald's College, lest any thing like a legal title should be recognized, clearly showing this was not 'the man whom the King delighted to honour.' The apparent success attending Medical Boards, caused many to start in different parts of the town, and a very clever surgeon, a man of education, a fellow of wit and whim, being rather under a cloud in consequence of his own liberality, and too generous disposition, was solicited to attend and assist at one of these newly-established dispensaries of health and longevity. The principal in the concern had devoted his previous life to other pursuits, which led him wide of the Pirenean spring, so that his draughts had been but shallow; yet he was desirous to be 'counted a man of learning, especially before his patients, and requested of the above surgeon who attended the Board, that the consultation might appear to be in Latin, on the case of a genteel young man then entering; accordingly, after a variety of questions, the would-be *Doctor* put his hand on one side before his mouth towards the surgeon's ear, and said, '*Aqua horum somne hec hac nobis dominum*.' To this unmeaning jargon the surgeon replied, putting his hand before his mouth to hide the risibility it had excited, 'If

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you don't mind what you are about the
man will find you are humbugging him.
Sic omnium deluduntur dotis.
(To be continued.)

CELIBACY *versus* MATRIMONY.

"My bane and antidote are both before
me."

ADDISON.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Frequently whining and always repin-
ing,

Vex'd and perplex'd at not having a
wife,

Thinking to marry, decided to tarry,
So pass the days of a Bachelor's life.

His mind ever ranging, unconstant and
changing,

Its fraught with anxiety, trouble, and
care,

And fed with vain wishes, poor pitiful
dishes!

But most that's delicious in Bachelor's
Fare.

How cheerless and lonely is he that
has only

Himself to have thoughts for, himself
to maintain:

No one to regale him when sorrows as-
sail him,

And none to bewail him in sickness and
pain!

Though marriage brings trouble, its
comforts are double,

As all happy husbands can truly de-
clare,

To all that the single state ever did ar-
rogate,

Hence do we reprobate Bachelor's
Fare.

Who call women evils, new, old, or
blue devils,

Convince one they're acting the comic
part o'er

Of the fox in the fable, which not
being able

To pluck and to suck the sweet grapes,
calls them sour!

To love a sweet creature, with grace
in each feature,

Not even a Bachelor's self can for-
bear;

But such to neglect, and fain to reject,
Those fools may expect that want

Bachelor's Fare.

It can't be denied that sometimes wives
will chide

As they ought when they see there's
occasion;

And those who do blame them for this,
and defame them,

Deserve a severe flagellation:

To have an adviser each day growing
wiser,

A true bosom friend, is the married
man's share;

But though 'tis distressing and spirit
depressing,

To lack this great blessing is Bachelor's
Fare.

Though children, too truly, are often
unruly,

And boys may sometimes be too lavish
of treasure,

Yet few, rich or poor, ever liv'd I am
sure,

That did not afford to their parents
much pleasure;

If all men of this, and of all other
bias

That wedlock contains, were but fully
aware,

Not one in a score, the nation all o'er,
Would wish any more to have Bache-
lor's Fare.

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

Happy and free are a married man's
reveries;

Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;

He knows not the Bachelor's revelries,
devilries,

Caressed by, and blessed by, his
children and wife.

From lassitude free too, his home
still to flee to,

A pet on his knee too, his kindness
to share,

A fire-side so cheary, the smiles of his
deary,—

O, this boys, this is the married
man's fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things
never range ill,

Busy promoting his comfort around,
Dispelling dejection with smiles of af-
fection,

Sympathizing, advising, when for-
tune has frowned.

Old ones relating, droll tales never stat-
ing.

Little ones prating, all strangers to
care;

Some romping, some jumping, some
punching, some munching,

Economy dealing the married man's
fare.

Thus is each jolly day, one lively holi-
day:

Not so the bachelor, lonely, depres-
sed—

No gentle one near him, no home to
endear him,

In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if
no guest;

No children to climb up—'twould fill all
my rhyme up,
And take too much time up, to tell
his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheat-
ing him, beating him,
Bills pouring, maids scouring, de-
vouring his fare.

He has no one to put on—a sleeve or
neck button—

Shirts mangled to rags—drawers
stringless at knee;

The cook, to his grief too, spoils pud-
ding and beef too,

With overdone, underdone, undone
is he;

No son, still a treasure, in business or
leisure;

No daughter, with pleasure, new joys
to prepare;

But old maids and cousins, kind souls!
rush in dozens,

Relieving him soon of his bachelor's
fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and
the grapes, Sir,)

And fun would be wed when his
locks are like snow;

But widows throw scorn out, and tell
him he's worn out;

And maidens, deriding cry "No!
my love, no!"

Old age comes with sorrow, with wrin-
kle, with furrow,

No hope in to-morrow—none sympa-
thy spares;

And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to
the skies up—

None close his old eyes up—he dies—
and who cares?

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

*Translated from the Spanish by Mr.
Bowring.*

Say, Juan, say, of what he died?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair!
Of unrequited love he died—

What said he, shepherd?—thou wert
there

When death stood threatening at his
side—

—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.

Poor youth! he had been scorn'd by
pride—

Of unrequited love he died!

And when he felt the failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom?
—That there are palas far worse than

death,
And he had known them—thoughts of
gloom

Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
Some things he said—and none re-
pelled—

Of unrequited love he died!

And when the last, last throb drew
nigh,

Before the flattering spirit fled?

—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead:
But there are thoughts which cannot
die.

No more he felt, no more he said;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died!

London Magazine.

PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a total disbelief in all the vul-
gar legends of supernatural agency,
and *that* upon firmer principles than I
fear most people could assign for their
incredulity, I must yet believe that the
"soul of the world has in some instan-
ces sent forth mysterious types of the
cardinal events, in the great historic
drama of our planet. One has been
noticed by a German author, and it is
placed beyond the limits of any rati-
onal scepticism; I mean the coinci-
dence between the augury derived from
the flight of the twelve vultures as types
of the duration of the Roman empire,
i. e. Western Empire, for twelve cen-
turies, and the actual event. This
augury, we know to have been record-
ed many centuries before its consumma-
tion; so that no juggling or collusion
between the prophets and the witness-
es to the final event can be suspected.
Some others might be added. At pre-
sent I shall notice a coincidence from
our own history, which, though not so
important as to come within the class of
prefigurations I have been alluding to,
is yet curious enough to deserve men-
tion. The oak of Boscobel and its his-
tory are matter of household knowledge.
It is not equally well known, that is a
medal, struck to commemorate the in-
stallation (about 1636) of Charles II.
then Prince of Wales, as a Knight of
the Garter, amongst the decorations
was introduced an oak-tree with the le-
gend—"Seris factura nepotibus um-
bram."

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Ibid.

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ENGLISH MANNERS.

Society, as it now exists, is less picturesque than in former times, when the privileged few might enact a thousand wild follies with impunity: yet it is said that modern education in females, is wholly calculated to enable them to show off in public. The present system may be defective, and capable of great and necessary improvement; but there can be no doubt that it has tended to make women more rational companions, by opening new sources of mental cultivation to the inhabitants of town and country. Dress and dissipation no longer entirely absorb the ideas of the one, and the vulgar detail of household economy, the ingredients necessary to make a pudding, and the quilting of a counterpane, are not permitted to engross the minds of females bred in retirement; and most assuredly even the leaders of fashion are infinitely more guarded in their conduct and behaviour than the belles of former times, who, if we may form a judgment from the novels and comedies of their day, were insatiate in their endeavours to obtain notoriety. Ladies in this era are usually so quiet and circumspect, that they pass without remark; they dare not, as heretofore, set scandal openly at defiance; and, though slander finds an equal number of victims, the frailty of the human heart in the weak, and the malice of the envious, which will discover spots in the purest, are the food upon which this foul pest is sustained. With less pains and preparation than are usual with the other sex, women attain a certain degree of ease and elegance of manner, so as to be fitted for any circle to which an exalted marriage or any similar circumstance may introduce them.

In mixed societies the difference of rank is scarcely distinguishable, and we are still more puzzled to trace the professions. A military man, unless he happens to have lost a limb in the service, is liable to be disregarded, whilst the mustachioed beau, whose campaigns have never extended farther than Bondstreet, is mistaken for the hero of many battles in the Peninsula.—Barristers leave all the dust of the courts with their wigs and gowns; and authors, no longer hanging to the skirts of a patron, are frequently pointed out enacting *le cavalier seul* in the centre of a quadrille. It is still the fashion to assume a *nom de guerre*; but the grave designations of Bickerstaff and Ironside are as completely cast aside as powder and perriwigs. We have the more romantic as-

sumptions of Barry Cornwall and St. John Dorset; and the fancy, upon reading poetry thus undersigned, pictures the charms and graces of youth. The fraternity are likewise grown bold: as half of the world read, the other half necessarily write: and, without the ceremony of preface or dedication, we boldly commit our lucubrations to the press, and periodical works have become so plentiful, that we can scarcely go to a rout without stumbling upon a popular editor, or, at the least, a contributor. But the general knowledge of polite literature, which is absolutely necessary to fit us for companions to our equals, ought to have a stronger effect upon our manners than is perceptible. We have still much to learn and to unlearn; the art of conversation, the means of pleasing, are not sufficiently studied. We are too selfish, too apt to pride ourselves upon the advantages of birth, fortune, or education, and fancy that we may command attention when we should endeavour to win it; whilst those whom some fortuitous circumstances have advanced in the world, and who have imbibed their early ideas from the mean habits of low parents, unconscious of their deficiencies, will betray their origin at the very moment when they fancy that they are showing off to the greatest advantage.

In a commercial country like England, where every honour is open to the fortunate adventurer, who in his career has preserved any thing like a character, it may seem perhaps illiberal to deny the power of such a person to assume the appearance and the manners of a gentleman. To a mild temper, and an uncorrupted heart, the task may not be difficult, because the frame of such a mind cannot suggest any thing offensive, and quiet unassuming manners must always pass uncensured; but, when the disposition is violent, and the heart malevolent, the best imitator of elegance, he who is most cautious and pains-taking in his endeavours to pass for a man of polish and breeding, will be betrayed into the disclosure of a base sentiment, or into the performance of a degrading action, whenever he is thrown off his guard by a sudden impulse or a powerful temptation. The colour of the mind will show itself; and, though a gentleman may be equally a villain with a plebeian, the acts, or the manner in which each performs them, will be widely contrasted.

Lady's Magazine.

The Founders of Spanish Liberty, Quiroga, Riego, Aguero, and Banos.



The situation of Spain at present occupies so large a share of the public attention, that we shall readily be excused, if even we do not get the thanks of our readers, for advertizing to the subject. Though we have no attachment to politics, and have an ample and more agreeable field to range in, yet we cannot but participate in that general feeling in favour of Spanish liberty, which pervades all ranks in this country, from the Peer to the Peasant. What may be the result of the approaching struggle between France and Spain, we do not pretend to foretell; but that it threatens as much danger to the former, as to the latter, seems to be a general opinion.

We need not here enter into a long history of the events of Spain during the last twelve or fourteen years. It is sufficient to observe, that Bonaparte's insatiable ambition led him to attempt the subjugation of Spain; that he entrapped the present King Ferdinand VII., a weak and faithless monarch, who had superseded his father on the throne. Ferdinand resigned his crown to Napoleon, who placed it on the head of his brother Joseph; but notwithstanding that, he poured immense armies into Spain, the spirit of the people was roused, and with the aid of England, under our great Captain, the Duke of Wellington, the French, after several years' hard fighting, were driven from the Peninsula, and at the peace of 1814, Ferdinand VII. was restored to his throne.

During the time that this King was

a prisoner at Valency, in France, a constitutional and representative government was organized in Spain, under the auspices of England. The Spanish constitution had the concurrent sanction of all the sovereigns of Europe, and Ferdinand himself swore to maintain it; but he had scarcely reached Madrid, when he violated his oath, and overturned the Constitution, sending to dungeons and death, the brave Patriots who had fought and bled to restore him. The Spaniards had, however, tasted the blessings of freedom, and though borne down for a time, their spirit was not subdued. Various attempts were made to restore the Constitution, but without success until, on the 1st of January, a new revolution was effected, principally through the means of those brave men, Quiroga, Riego, Aguero, and Banos, of whom we present to our readers correct and spirited portraits. Although the revolution had been organized, yet, before it could be carried into effect, Quiroga and Arco Aguero were arrested and thrown into different prisons; the troops, however, with whom the insurrection originated, determined to liberate them, and elected Quiroga Commander-in-Chief, and Aguero had the direction of the Staff. These two Patriots were liberated. Riego with three battalions dashed into the town of Arcos, where Calderon, the royalist general, had ten thousand troops, yet he arrested Calderon and the whole of his staff, and proclaimed the Constitution. Quiroga in the mean time surprised the garri-

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son of San Fernando, incorporated the troops with his own, and fortified it against every external assault. The month of January passed without the Patriots making any progress, while the royalist chief Freyre, had collected an army of 15,000 men to oppose them. The leaders of the Patriots found themselves shut up in La Isla, near Cadiz, with only five thousand men.

Riego, prompted by one of those inspirations which occur only to great minds, suggested the idea of marching at the head of a flying column, to spread the seeds of liberty in the provinces, while the rest of the army should maintain its position at San Fernando.—Having selected 1500 men he set forward on his daring but noble exploit; and although thinned by fatigue and repeated skirmishes, and at length compelled to disperse, yet Riego so far accomplished his object as to excite the flame of patriotism in the provinces through which he passed.

In the mean time Freyre invited the army of San Fernando to Cadiz, and promised to proclaim the constitution on the 10th of March; but suspecting some treachery, it was agreed that a deputation composed of Agüero, Banos, and Galiano, should represent the national army at the approaching spectacle, while Quiroga remained at his post.

After a night of festivity, the morning of the 10th dawned, and Cadiz exhibited a scene of indescribable animation; the deputation from San Fernando were received in triumph, some threw their cloaks on the ground to serve as carpets, and they were everywhere hailed as liberators. General Freyre however treacherously ordered his soldiers to fire on the assembled populace, upwards of five hundred of whom were killed and wounded.

The provinces of Galicia and Navarre had by this time proclaimed the constitution, and the spirit of patriotism extending, Ferdinand VII. yielding to the empire of necessity, promised to accept the political code of 1812, and convoked the Cortes (the legislative assembly of Spain); and on the 9th of July, he again swore to maintain it. Of his subsequent conduct we shall say nothing; but it is certain that the factious, who have kept up the flame of civil war in Spain, and oppose the constitution, are not numerous, and would have been extinguished before now but for foreign aid and encouragement.

To Quiroga, Riego, Agüero and Ba-

nos, Spain is indebted for her political freedom; and these patriots, as virtuous as they are brave, are not less to be admired for their moderation, than for their courage and patriotism. Having restored their country to its liberties, they aspired not to any other honours, and although they have all had appointments either military or ministerial, yet they have exhibited no anxiety for office, or sought to turn their talents, their reputation, and their influence, to their personal advantage.

SHIPWRECK IN THE GREENLAND SEAS.

On the 14th of April, 1794, the *Wilhelmina*, commanded by James H. Broerhties sailed from the Texel for the whale fishery, and, on the 22d of June, arrived near the western coast of Greenland, alongside vast plains of moving ice that overspread the sea. They cast anchor, and made preparations for the fishery. Fifty other ships had repaired to the same ports, attracted by the great number of whales frequenting them. On the 25th of June huge flakes of ice environed and pressed on the ship on all sides. The crew then, for eight days and nights together, had to cut and saw their way through the ice, thirteen feet in thickness, trying to get the ship clear. Several vessels got away; but the *Wilhelmina* and ten others were locked in the ice.

On the 25th of July the ice began to separate, and left a sort of opening, through which the *Wilhelmina* attempted to pass; but, after incessant rowing for four days, they found their passage again intercepted by another field of ice; and here they were shut up, as it were, within a basin. Four other ships reached the same place. The ice showing no signs of opening, the Captain determined to shorten each man's allowance. The flakes of ice drove with such force against the ships, that the *Wilhelmina* was shattered, and almost broken up, five or six feet above the water line. Shipwreck now appeared inevitable to all; and two out of five vessels had already been lost, and the crews distributed among the remaining ones, with all the provisions that could be saved. The ice continued to accumulate to the height of twenty-four feet above the ships.

On the 28th of August, the three remaining ships were immovable in the ice. The captains dispatched twelve men to four other ships, at some distance, in the same position as them-

selves. From these they learned, that two ships had been crushed by the pressure of the ice, and that two others were in a truly deplorable state. Two Hamburg vessels, somewhat more distant, had perished in a similar manner.

Though locked up in the ice, the ships kept driving before the wind.—On the 30th of August they had sight of Iceland. Two days after, a part of the ice was so agitated, that two captains, profiting by the circumstance, in all likelihood gained 'the open sea, as they soon lost sight of them.

Though the *Wilhelmina* was hourly threatened with destruction, it was the 13th of September ere it took place. On that day a mountain of ice came suddenly rushing down against it, with a prodigious noise, crushing every thing in its way. So sudden was the accident, that the sailors in their hammocks had not time to dress, and were obliged to escape half naked over the ice, exposed to all the injuries of the weather. With great difficulty could they save any provisions, for the ship was intersected, as it were, one part being about ten feet above the surface of the water, and the other entirely destroyed, or buried under an enormous heap of ice.

In this way another ship had been overwhelmed and lost on the 7th of September. The crew fled for an asylum to the ship of Capt. Castricum; with much toil they had stopped up all the leaks, and in other respects the ship was in good condition. But the crew had no small trouble to reach the *Castricum*. The ice was not uniformly solid; clefts and crevices, opening under their feet, exposed them to the risk of a fresh wreck. At length they set up a tent on the solid part of the ice, and, to guard as much as possible against the excessive cold, they kindled a fire with the wreck of the ship. Relying with confidence on the Divine Providence, they expected relief, though it must obviously come in some extraordinary way. One inconvenience, as may readily be conceived, would intrude upon their wretched asylum; the heat of the fire melted the ice, and they had to dig holes in different places, to get rid of the water: without this precaution they must have been continually shifting their habitation.

Some rest, which these unfortunate men enjoyed in the night, served to re-animate their courage. Next day

they redoubled their efforts to reach the *Castricum*. A flame in motion, that was on its mainmast, indicated its liberation from the ice; a sight of this rekindled their ardour. The three shipwrecked captains, Broertjes, De Groot, and Volkert Jansz, proceeded each at the head of their crew. Their route was very dangerous; for they were obliged to leap from one ice-flake to another, and, every time, ran no small risk of plunging into the water.

On the 1st of October, they judged they had arrived at the end of their sufferings; but a frightful scene opened, that almost drove them to despair; the vessel was in a condition much more deplorable than before. It had been carried to a considerable distance; every moment it was in danger of being crushed by overhanging ice: at last, they were fortunate enough to reach it. Scarcely were they on board, when there came up fifty men of the crew of the Hamburg ship, that had been lost on the 30th of September. The harpooner, with twelve sailors, were drowned, in trying to reach Iceland on floating fragments of the wreck.

As well as these unfortunate men were able to judge, they were then in 64° N. lat. A new misfortune threatened them: the provisions on board the *Castricum* were too scanty to suffice for all who had repaired to it; they were soon exhausted, and these destitute mariners were obliged to feed on pieces of flesh left on the skeletons of the whales. They then fell to eating the dogs that had been in the vessels that were lost. To quench their thirst, they drank snow-water, wherein was an infusion of chips. They were now looking for death to terminate their sufferings, when the ship, that kept still driving towards the coast, came within the distance of five or six miles from the Continent. Several sailors tried, but in vain, to reach the land; they found, however, a desert island, where they gathered some blackberries off the bushes: they were obliged to remain there.

On the 10th of October, a tempest arose, which threatened the ship with instant destruction: it was still preserved, however, by the crew. The next day enormous ice-flakes fell on the ship, so as to crush, and in a manner overwhelm it. This accident was so sudden, that the men on-board could save nothing to make a fire with; they

had only time to collect some sails, and bring together eleven small boats : but these precautions were useless ; their safety lay in flight, and in running from one ice-flake to another, to find one solid and large enough to hold them all. No language can describe the wretchedness of their situation.—Exposed to all the rigours of cold, on an immense island of ice, which was liable every instant to be dashed to pieces, almost entirely destitute of food and clothing, they could only expect dying of hunger and cold, or of being buried under blocks of ice.

It is only at the last extremity that hope abandons man. These sufferers, unwearied in their exertions to save their lives, set up two tents with the sails which they had saved ; wherein they had shelter, patiently waiting for the will of Providence : but, after the 13th of October, they were under the necessity of quitting the mass of ice that supported them, as it was drifting out to sea. Then 250 men set out on a trial to reach the Continent ; thirty-six others, who reckoned it impossible, remained on the ice. Those who ventured to go, being of different opinions as to the route to be taken, separated into different companies. The Captains Jansz de Groot, Hans Christiansz, and Martin Jansz, accompanied by forty sailors, set out on the 13th of October. Each man had thirty biscuits for his whole stock of provisions. After a short, but very toilsome march, they arrived on the shore of some island, where they passed the night. On the following day they were for trying to get at the Continent, but were disappointed ; their way being partly obstructed by an immense quagmire, or floating marsh. To their great surprise, they found some inhabitants ; and it was fortunate that some of the mariners understood their language. Assistance was implored, and these savages, generally considered as inhospitable, were very ready to afford it, removing the shipwrecked crews in their canoes to their huts, and helping them to some dried fish, to the flesh of seals, and to some vegetables, to appease their hunger.

They spent several days with these their benefactors ; but, fearful of encroaching on the laws of hospitality, by consuming all the provisions, they resolved to continue their route, in hopes of finding a Danish colony, where they might obtain relief ade-

quate to their necessities. In their long and wearisome march they passed through different tribes of the Greenlanders, with some of whom they had a kind reception, but from others they had ill treatment ; being frequently, also, in danger of perishing by hunger and thirst. A little moss, scratched from the surface of the rocks under the snow, and the raw flesh of the dogs which they killed, added to that of a few animals which they caught, were the only resources within their reach. At length, after numberless accidents and fatigues, they arrived on the 13th of March at Frederickshaab, a Danish settlement, where they experienced a truly generous treatment, and all possible aid was administered to them. Here they remained till they could get their health re-established, and embark for Denmark. At last they were fortunate enough to arrive in Holland.

The Captains Castricum and Broerties, with such as had taken their route to the north, arrived in like manner, without any particular accident, at Frederickshaab ; with the exception of Broerties, who died on the road.

Their companions in misfortune, who could not come to a resolution of joining them, had preserved a canoe, and a small quantity of provisions. The mass of ice on which they were was driving towards Staatsens Hock ; it would not bear them much longer, as the sea was rolling, and, with the movement, the ice was gradually diminishing : in fact, they were in the greatest danger of being lost. In that crisis, the wind changed to the north-west, and thereby enabled them to reach the land without difficulty. On the 6th of October, they found a small boat, which the crew of the Castricum had abandoned, and a man in it, who, being unable to accompany the rest, was only looking for death. On the same day, three of their comrades, that had been left behind, overtook them, having been obliged to abandon an old man on the extremity of an ice-flake, where he must have perished. They all, however, embarked, and were long tossed up and down before they could reach Greenland. The savage tribes were hospitable, sharing their wretched provisions with them. They, at last, also arrived at a Danish settlement, where provisions were in no great plenty ; but they were kindly entertained with the best. At Hol-

steinberg (lat. 67°) they learned, that a ship belonging to the King of Denmark, was at anchor about two miles from the shore. The ship was obliged to winter here, and to proceed on the fishery in the spring, before they could return to Denmark. The shipwrecked sailors sought and procured employment on-board, and, after a prosperous voyage, were conveyed to Denmark, whence, finally, they obtained a passage for Holland.

Out of 400 men in the ships that were lost, only these 140 were saved.

PETER PINDARICS;
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.
NO. VI.

MOSES'S TRIAL.

"Well, what trial's next to this for stealing wine?"

A Jew stepp'd forward, "Vy, my Lord, 'tis mine."

"Well," said the Judge, "then you must state the case—"

"You have been here before—I know your face."

"Vy, yes, my Lord, my face's a looking-glass,

Vere you may see the form of every ass."

"What's that you say? I don't right hear your brogue."

I say, my Lord, the prisoner there's a rogue.

But if your Lordship please, I'll tell the story,

And reasons vy the rogue is brought before ye.

One rainy day I travell'd on the road,
My heart beat on my ribs, it did for-
bode

Some treadful ill; and never in my life
Vas it ere wrong, but ven I took a wife.
My skin-vas vet quite thro' and thro',
no doubt;

I stopt to vet inside as vel as out,
And having got a class, vy off I shet,
Striding thro' thick and thin, and dirt
and vet.

But you vill ax vat made me so fast
post,

Vy, I forgot, my Lord, to pay the
host.

I giggled ven I cot outshide de door;
But hadn't got a mile, my Lord, before
That white-faced plackguard from the
hedge did pop,

"He knock'd me town, and robb't me
of my shop."

Here Moses ceas'd, and grasped awhile
for breath,

And waited till he heard the verdict
"death."

The day arrived, the morn it rose so
fair,

That half the world, and Moses too,
was there,

And on the platform boldly took his
stand,

And shook the dying prisoner by the
hand.

The hangman told him to be gone, in
vain,

When'er he turned, the Jew was there
again.

"Good bye," said Moses, and he
shook his head;

The hangman heard him, and again he
said,

"All night you'll stay here staring, I
suppose,"

"Lord! vy I only vant to puy his
clothes."

The Nobelist. No. XXII.

THE SOLDIER.

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER.

When I was a slave, said Niceron,
we lived in a little village which now
belongs to Gavilla: there, as Hea-
ven would have it so, I fell in love
with the wife of Terentius the sut-
tler—you remember Melissa, the
pretty dancing girl—my fondness, I
assure you, was not for her person,
or at all of a licentious kind—No—I
loved her for what I could get, and
may I die if ever I was disappointed!
If I wanted money, or any thing else,
I had only to coax her and have it.
Her good man happened to die in the
city, I therefore posted away as fast
as I could to go to her. Friends, you
know, are tried in adversity.—My
master, as luck would have it, was
gone to Capua, to sell his wares. I
took this opportunity of persuading a
comrade of mine to accompany me to
the five-mile stone. He was a soldier,
and as fierce as Pluto.—We proceeded,
the moon shining as bright as the
day, till we came about the crowing
of the cock, among some tombs; my
companion began to mutter something
to the stars, whilst I went whistling
along, thinking of nothing at all; at
length I looked behind me, and ob-
served my Soldier leisurely undressing
himself, and placing his clothes be-
fore him on the ground. My heart
was up to my mouth—I stood like a
corpse; whilst he, making a liquid
circle round his clothes, was in a
moment changed into a wolf.—You
think I jest—You are mistaken—I

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would not tell a lie for an estate—But as I was saying, as soon as he became a wolf, he set up a terrible howl, and fled into the woods. At first I was deprived of all recollection, but when I went to take up his clothes, I found them turned into solid stone. You may imagine how I was terrified; nevertheless I drew my sword, which holding before me, I made the best of my way to the house of my mistress. I was as pale as a ghost, my spirits were quite gone, a cold sweat ran over me, my eyes were sunk, nor did I recover but with the extremest difficulty. Melissa began to express her surprise at my being abroad so late. "If," said she, "you had been but a little sooner you might have assisted us. A wolf entered our yard, disturbed the cattle, and tore some of them in pieces; though he got away, he had nothing to boast of, for our man ran a lance through his neck." Hearing this, I never stopped to close my eyes, but as soon as it dawned, ran home as if I had been robbed. When I came to the place where the clothes had been changed into stone, nothing was to be seen but a quantity of blood: when I reached home, I found my soldier in bed, and under the care of a surgeon, for a wound in the neck. I then found him out to be one of those who can take what shapes they please, and I would never consent to mess with him again.—I care not a farthing what people may think of my story, but if I have told a syllable of untruth, I wish I may be hanged.

There was a disease to which the Greeks gave the name of Lycanthropy, a kind of frenzy which induced the patient to imagine himself transformed into a wolf. Pomponius Mela speaks of the Neuri, who had the power of transforming themselves into wolves, and resuming their former shape at pleasure. Olaus also, in his Northern History, describes a people of Livonia, who about Christmas time, changed themselves into wolves, and committed great barbarities on women, children, &c. The Neuri were a people of the North, and it is not improbable, but that Mela and Olaus, from some ancient superstitious traditions, refer to the same nation. The Neuri are mentioned by Herodotus, who speaks also of their possessing this quality, but refuses to believe it. The idea probably originated from the extreme aversion in which this animal has been

peculiarly held, from its propensity for rapacity and cruelty. In Attica it was particularly destructive, and public rewards were given to those who killed it.

To see or to be seen by a wolf, was believed to take away the faculty of speech, as in Virgil:

"Lupi Mœrim videre priores."

Which idea is indeed borrowed from Theocritus. Abundance of proverbial expressions concerning the wolf, are to be found in the *Adagia* of Erasmus, and no animal in the circle of natural history, has been more noticed by ancient writers, or received stronger marks of cordial or inveterate dislike.

A whimsical story is told by Pliny of the Antei, one of whom was of necessity to be turned into a wolf. They cast lots who it should be. The victim was taken to a pool, stripped of his clothes, and turned naked into the woods. The clothes were left upon a tree. If for the space of nine years the *human-wolf* forbore to taste of human flesh, he returned to the pool, swimming over which, he took his clothes, and resumed his former shape. From this imaginary power of assuming shapes of animals, came the word *Versipellis*, which occurs in Apuleius, Petronius, Plautus, and others. It was used to express extreme reproach and dislike, corresponding with our word *Turn- Coat*.

Miscellanies.

DESCRIPTION OF AN EASTERN CARAVAN,

BY VISCOUNT CHATEAUBRIAND.

It was midnight when we arrived at the Khan of Menemen. I perceived at a distance a great number of scattered lights; it was a Caravan making a halt. On a nearer approach, I distinguished camels, some lying, others standing; some with their loads, others relieved from their burdens. Horses and asses without bridles, eating barley out of leather buckets; some of the men were still on horseback, and the women veiled, but not alighted from their dromedaries. Turkish merchants were seated cross-legged on carpets, in groups round the fires, at which the slaves were busily employed in dressing pilau. Other travellers were smoking their pipes at the door of the Khan, chewing opium and listening to stories. Here were people burning coffee in iron pots; there hucksters went about from fire to

fire, offering cakes, fruits, and poultry for sale. Singers were amusing the crowd; Imams were performing their ablutions, prostrating themselves, rising again, and invoking the prophet; and the camel-drivers lay snoring on the ground. The place was strewn with packages, bags of cotton, and couffis of rice. All these objects now distinct, now confused and enveloped in a half shade, exhibited a genuine scene of the Arabian Nights.

THE BROWNIES.

The Brownies formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. They were meagre, shaggy, and wild in their appearance. Thus Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

"Faunes, or brownies, if ye will,

"Or satyrs come from Atlas hill."

In the day time the Brownie lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt, and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But, although, like Milton's lubber fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire, he does not drudge from the hope of recompence. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

The last Brownie, known in Ettrick forest, resided in Bedsbech, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to hire him away, as it was termed, by placing in his hand a porringer of milk and a piece of money. After receiving this hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, "Fare well to bonny Bedsbech!" which he was compelled to abandon for ever.

When the menials of a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonish them:—"Gang a' to your beds, Sirs, and dinna put out the wee grieshoch (embers)." It seems no improbable conjecture, that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the *Lao Familiaris* of the ancients.

EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN.

The executioner places the head of the culprit between his own thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting, *d califourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and raising himself up and down, (as one does in a hard trot) to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spaniards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch the sooner out of misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must thus be produced on the miserable sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats, and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the while that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if the two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF A MAN FAMED FOR DEEDS OF CHARITY.

While sojourning on earth, he fill'd up the measure

Of Time that to mortals is given
So well, that he's gone to inherit the treasure

That in life he exported to heaven.

Richard Flecknoe has these excellent lines addressed to a Miser:
Money's like muck, that's profitable while

'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil;

But on a ba
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EPITAPH

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But on a barren one, like thee, methinks,
'Tis like a dunghill that lies still and
stinks.

EPIGRAM, BY RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Do good with pain, the pleasure in't
you find,
The pain's soon past, the good remains
behind;
Do ill with pleasure, this you've for
your pains.
The pleasure passes soon, the ill re-
mains.

A dog which had belonged to an
Irishman, and was sold by him in Eng-
land, would never touch a morsel of
food on a Friday—the Irishman had
made him as good a Catholic in this re-
spect as he was himself.

A dog of my acquaintance found a
bitch in the streets who had lost her
master, and was ready to whelp; he
brought her home, put her in posses-
sion of his kennel, and regularly car-
ried his food to her, (which it may be
supposed he was not suffered to want)
during her confinement.—*Southey's*
Omniana.

TARRING AND FEATHERING.—Tar-
ring and feathering, it seems, is an Eu-
ropean invention. Holinshed mentions
that one of Richard Cœur de Lion's
ordinances for seamen was "that if
any man was taken with theft or pickery,
and thereof convicted, he should have
his head polled, and hot pitch poured
upon his pate, and upon that the sea-
thers of some pillow or cushion shaken
aloft, that he might thereby be known
for a thief, and at the next arrival of
the ships to any land be put forth of
the company to seek his adventure,
without any hope of return to his fel-
lows."

EPITAPH IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH-
YARD, ISLE OF THANET.—On Mr. Rich-
ard Joy, commonly called the Kentish
Sampson:

Herculean hero! sam'd for strength,
At last lies here, his breadth and length;
See how the mighty hero's fall'n!
To Death, the strong and weak are all
one!

LACONIC EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

I caught a fever—weather plaguey hot—
Was boarded by a Leech—and now am
gone to pot.

Coaches to be let for hire were first
established in London in 1625. At that
time there were only twenty, which did
not stand in the street, but at the prin-
cipal inns. Their number increased
gradually, and in 1813 there were
twelve hundred in London.

Mail coaches were first established
about the year 1783.

T. T—Y—N.

SWEET HOME.

The following Ballad, which was writ-
ten and composed by Mr. J. Barry, was
sung with great success by Mr. Collyer,
at Vauxhall, last season:

When wand'ring far on distant soil,
Where Fortune bade me roam;
'Mid splendid scenes, or joy or toil,
I ne'er forgot my Home—

Sweet Home!

But, ah! what must the captive feel,
Whose thoughts alone are free!
His pallid looks and sighs reveal
How much he pines for thee—

Sweet Home!

Nero, they say, heard the sound of a
trumpet among the hills and the rocks
round about him, and groans over the
tomb of his mother.

EPIGRAMS.

1. ON A MISER, NAMED MORE.

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand was iron,
And his heart was *More*.

2. THE IRISHMAN'S RECKONING.

"Who lives there, honest fellow?" said
a travelling stranger,
As on through the county of Antrim
he sped,
And who fancied that houses shut up
implied danger:
"Lives there," answered Teague,
"why a man that is dead."
"When did he die?" cried the stranger
more gaily;

Teague paused, scratched his caxon
so straight and so sleek,
Then replied, "By my conscience, my
jewel, why really,
If he'd lived till to day, he'd been
dead a whole week!"

3. ON PETER WILSON, WHO WAS DROWNED.

Peter was in the ocean drowned,
A careless, hapless creature!
And when his lifeless trunk was found,
It was become *salt-Peter*!

Edward, King of England, having ordered his tax-gatherers to impose a heavy tribute upon his subjects, and having collected an immense sum together, he began to be delighted with the sight of so much treasure. He saw a demon playing about the money piled up; for which reason he being terrified with the sight, and abhorring the tribute-money as dishonestly acquired, ordered it immediately to be taken out of his sight, and restored to the people.

NAVIGATION.—This art is certainly now greatly improved, for on comparing the modern and the ancient voyages I perceive that our modern tars sail as far in a month as the ancient could in the course of twelve: their whole art consisting chiefly in coasting along the shores, and consequently they made but little way.

REWARD FOR OVER-POLITENESS.—A gentleman, who lodged in New Bond-street, being confined by illness a long time, his servant was daily accosted by a man whose sole business was a constant inquiry after his master's health: when the gentleman was recovering, his servant acquainted him of this stranger's civility; curiosity induced him then to discover who he was, when, lo! he turned out to be an undertaker. It was then agreed between the master and servant, to make him a proper acknowledgement for his politeness; the servant was accordingly instructed to say his master was dying, and in a few days after, that he was dead; the instructions were obeyed, the undertaker paid his devoirs to the servant, with a present of two guineas on being informed he was to have the job. He was next introduced to take measure of the corpse, to which he was proceeding with a face as hypocritical as Judas Iscariot's, when suddenly the dead alive jumped up, gave him a hearty horse-whipping and kicked him down stairs.

P. P. P.

Useful Domestic Hints.

GLUE.—A correspondent says, it has been erroneously stated in the public papers that India rubber will make good glue: he asserts that it will never set or harden. For a strong, firm, cheap glue, nothing has yet been discovered supe-

rior to the best kind of that which is in general use; and for a fine, clear, and transparent kind, which will even unite glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible, nothing is equal to isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

GRAVEL WALKS.—The destruction of worms and insects, by the use of salt, is an effectual preservative of the beauty of gravel walks. Where worms rise much in the morning, strew a moderate quantity of salt over night, if the weather be dry. When your trees or borders are out of crop, strew salt on them to destroy the nests of insects, &c. Insects in old walls might be destroyed with salt brine and a syringe. On the rough trunks of old trees, the same liquid may destroy some eggs lodged therein in autumn, or larvae in spring; also it may be tried in destroying caterpillars, though in some cases salt itself is to be preferred.

MUSHROOMS.—The following simple and easy method is recommended for trying the quality of field mushrooms: Take an onion, and strip the outer skin, and boil it with them; if it becomes white, they are good; but if it becomes blue or black, there are certainly dangerous ones among them. Where the symptoms of poison have already taken place, the medical assistant recommends an emetic, drinking plentifully of warm water, and, when the contents of the stomach are brought off, to have recourse to strong cordials, such as ginger, tea, and brandy, with laudanum, or cayenne pepper made into pills.

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Thou shame an' glory o' our age!
Thy strong, expressive, pictur'd page,
While time remains,
Shall melt with love, or fire with rage,
Thy native swains. J. Nisoul.

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